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DUCK HUNTING IN A FORD

"Tennessean" Writes of Extraordinary Performance in a "Flivver."--Does Slack Wire Act in Cranking Car in "Mid Ocean"--Goes Fishing But Fish Decline to Attend Services.

My dear Mr. Editor:

You may tell "Miss Smarty" for me that I have not been foundered and in the hospital from eating too much "shortened bread." I have been otherwise engaged since the shortened bread letter was written. I have been to Missouri where they say "Show me." I like Missouri pretty well, but if "Miss Smarty" has occasion to pass through Kansas City, I would like to warn her against going into the places where they propose to give away catalogues. I saw a fellow come very near getting taken in by a confidence man. Had it not been for the warning voice of a friend there is no telling where that fellow would be at this writing. How sad it is to think that there are men who make it their business to prey on the trustful and unwary. But there are many of that kind in this great big, beautiful world that our good Heavenly Father has given us in which to live and get ready for a more glorious one after this one is to be our home no longer.

Then, in addition to my having been to Missouri, I have had other duties to perform. It will soon be twenty-five years since I took a blushing, trembling young lady to the marriage altar and made some very strong promises to the officiating Justice of the Peace, and saw her change her name which was a long and musical one, for my name which is a short and unmusical one. I shall never forget that day. It was the thirteenth day of May, an unlucky day for the girl, but a most lucky one for me. Mr. Editor, I am not given to superstition. I do not believe in the "hoodoo" but I do believe that one day is as good as another. I had just as leave sleep in room number thirteen, or ride in birth number thirteen as any other. It is not where you are, but what you are, that makes or mars your happiness. This I have found out for myself during the little short life of half a century that I have lived.

Fishing! Yes, I went fishing, and with a one-horse Baptist

preacher. I mean he owns one horse rather than two. That reminds me, also, that not many men own horses in these days. Henry Ford has put old Dobbin out of business, and it is only the man that cannot own a "Tin Lizzy" that goes jogging along at the rate of four miles an hour when his neighbor across the way gets out and wheels away at the rate of thirty miles an hour without having to use the whip.

Well, I was saying I went fishing and we did some good work, too. I took the dear brother (he is a brother when it comes to eating at the Master's table) into my flivver and soon we were dragging the creek for the finny tribe, but not a member of the finny tribe could we persuade to take our bait, and so late in the evening we made our way back to the village with nothing to show for our trouble, "but fisherman's luck."

I have decided that it is not worth while to go fishing with nothing but grub worms for bait. If I were a fish I would have to study a long time and be mighty hungry to eat a grub worm. Now I like to go duck hunting and it has been my good fortune to go after the green heads quite frequently since I have been in this big country. We have lakes out here that cover from 50 acres to 75 acres and the ducks are numerous. I am thinking now of my last sortie for these fowls of the north. Two friends were visiting me, one of whom wanted to go duck hunting and so to please my company and to pass the time away as pleasantly as possible, I took the two men in my little rambling Ford and went forth. In a short time we rounded up at a lake on which there were from one hundred to one thousand ducks. Now there are no trees or embankments here for you to slip up behind, so if you get any ducks you have to "rush" them, as they say out here. That means you must take a running go at them and rush at them before they fly away. So on this occasion I was at the wheel with my two friends in

the rear seat. They were enjoying life, swapping yarns and so forth. I had the only gun there was in the crowd, and although I was dying to do the shooting, I courteously asked my friends if either of them could shoot. They replied, we can shoot, but we cannot hit anything." I said, "Well, I can shoot and hit, too," so here we went I pulled the throttle wide open and rushed 'em at the rate of thirty miles an hour right down toward that lake. When we were in shooting distance of the ducks I pulled the trigger of my Sears & Roebuck hammerless and down came a duck. But that was not all, far from it. When I tried to stop my jitney, the brakes would not work, and so on we sped and did not stop until I had split that lake wide open for a distance of twenty yards or more. Seeing what I was into and not being a Baptist, I laid my old gun down somewhere and took hold of the wheel and headed for dry land but when I was in about fifteen steps of the bank, my jitney stuck and so there we were. I turned to see about my company, and there they were with their eye balls standing out on stems and their feet hanging over the sides of the car, waiting for the next move which was to put chains on the best we could and get out without getting wet and cold. While we were there working to get out dry some men passed in a wagon and by their kindness helped us out. We had a wire and I tied it to the front axle of the flivver and cranking it with my left foot we were soon out. The boys asked me what I meant by such a stunt, and I told them I was writing a book on "Life on the Plains of Texas," and was pulling off that sort of a thing to make the book interesting. They said they would like to read the book, but did not care to assist any further in illustrating it.

Well, since the last sentence was written I have eaten dinner. "Miss Smarty", you ought to have been here for dinner. It would not have been like being at Mr. W. R. Jones'. They have fried chicken or good old boiled hen and dumplings. I had potatoes for dinner, just plain Irish potatoes. Perhaps I had better modify that statement, for I had only potato, just one "tater." It is this way. That good woman I spoke of just a while ago, has been away on a visit to some neighbors down in Texas three hundred miles away. You see we do not stand back on distance in Texas. If we did we would never go anywhere. Well, when she is at home she is my cook and we have lots of good things to eat but when she is away I have potatoes and boiled eggs, but today the eggs were conspicuous by their absence. I had nothing but one potato. That reminds me of a dinner I ate a long time ago out at Walden's Ridge. My father and I had been to Chattanooga for some, and returning we had a horse get sick, and after working with that horse a half a day we were hungry, and seeing a house to the left of the road we went down there and asked for our dinner. The good woman told us she had no bread and could give us only potatoes. We said all right, and potatoes we had, good enough for a rich man or a fair lady. I have never forgotten good old Sister Christian and that good dinner. God bless her and give her a good place up to the throne in glory for feeding a hungry boy on that day in July, 1880. It is very inconvenient for your wife and cook to be away but it could be worse.

I am like that soldier boy who lost both legs in the fight across the Atlantic who in writing to his father and mother asked them not to grieve saying:

"From the time you are born Till you ride in the hearse, There is nothing so bad, But what it might be worse." And he was right.

Lovingly,

TENNESSEAN.

Mt. Olivet.

Special to the News.

John Brown and wife visited Mr. Brown's father near Tracy City from Friday until Sunday.

Misses Jessie Stevenson and Mattie Higgins attended meeting at Shady Grove Sunday.

There was a large crowd at meeting Sunday.

Miss Margie Stone and mother visited her sister, Mrs. Maggie Higgins, on the mountain last week.

Miss Lila Stone is very ill, but we hope she will soon recover.

Mrs. Florence Atterton spent Sunday night with her sister, Mrs. Tom Stephenson.

W. J. Higgins and son left for Chattanooga Monday to see his little daughter, who is very ill with pneumonia. Hope she will soon recover.

John Panter and Miss Beatrice Higgins were married Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Higgins.

There was a large crowd at singing Sunday night.

Come on, "Lone Star," and the other writers with your letters--as I like to read them all.

Mrs. Carrie Higgins and Mrs. Lillie Layne went to Hamburg Monday.

Walter Green was at J. H. Higgins' Sunday to call a doctor for his aunt, Lillie Layne.

Mrs. Harry Keener visited Mrs. Maggie Higgins Sunday afternoon.

I would like for Mrs. Myrtle Graham to come back on the mountain and spend a few days.

Mattie Higgins, Lizzie Foss, Louis Stephenson and Lila Layne took a trip to the mines Sunday.

Hardy Cox got bee stung last week and called for the doctor.

J. H. Higgins went to Whitwell Monday.

There will be meeting at Shady Grove the 18th of May.

D. Basham returned home last week from Illinois, and we were sure glad to see him.

Wonder when a certain two people are going to Kentucky on their old grey mare.

Canterberry Bell.

To Live Forever

"and Then Some."

Hon. B. G. McKenzie, attorney-general of this circuit, forwarding subscription to the News as prompt as the promptest, says: "May you live forever and then some. Your paper like springtime's sweet hour, brings good cheer." Such comments as these make us look up and feel that life is worth while. The News gets many hard knocks and when it finds a friend appreciates the discovery. "Ben" seems to be all right and a "big un."

Graveyard Working.

There will be a graveyard working at the Pickett graveyard near New Hope the fourth Saturday in May, which is the 24th. Everybody is invited to come. Bring full baskets and plenty of tools.

J. L. PICKETT, New Hope, Tenn.

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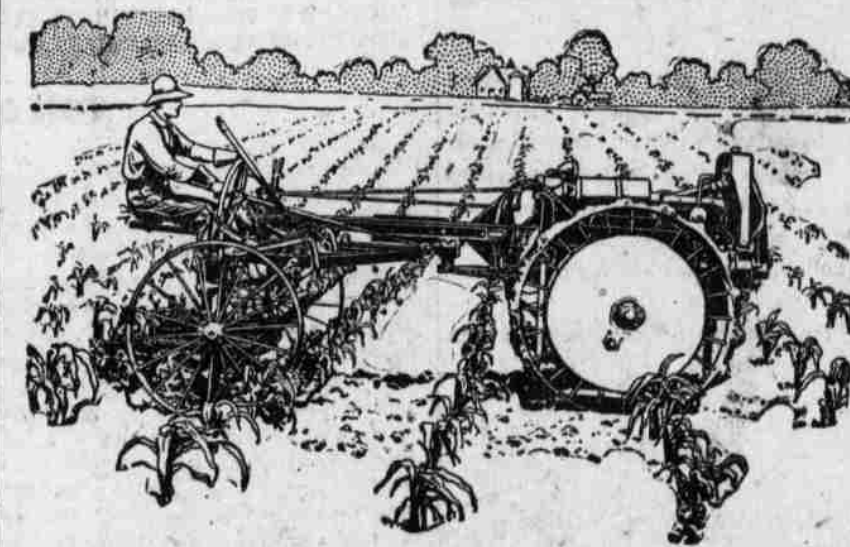
We Want Your Business

BABY TANK

GREAT EXHIBIT

The exhibition of the baby tank at Jasper Monday evening was thoroughly interesting, and gave the large numbers attending a much better idea of some of the terrible machinery of the world war. The tank left South Pittsburg via the pike at 2 o'clock, but broke down, rivets being lost from the tractors, which are like the feet of a caterpillar. Arriving in Jasper the people were addressed from the top of the strange construction of steel, by the sergeant in charge and what he said had considerable effect on the people. The armor was dented by bullets, and his description of the work of the tanks was the vivid one of a soldier who was really there. Mr. Kline, of Richard City, spoke for the Victory Loan, which in the Jasper Zone was \$11,500 behind, and in a short time it was reduced to less than \$10,000, and we understand more will be heard from later. Two thousand dollars were pledged by Thos. Turner and J. R. Janey and \$500 by Mrs. M. E. Walker.

Mrs. Ethel Sampson, Cleveland, Ohio, wishes to keep in touch with the news from this section and pays subscription for one year.



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NOTICE.

Having sold my farm privately I will call in the auction sale of May 14.

Respectfully,

W. H. ARNOLD

Decherd, Tenn.